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Friends, family, and all of Seanie's tribe, thank you for bringing your bright colours and your brave smiles today.

I'm here as Seán's sister,
his big sister,
and—if you asked either of us—his favourite co-conspirator.
We shared everything from guitars to bad jokes,
and a fair bit of trouble, mostly harmless.

Seán Murphy was born on 7 September 1990.
He left us on 28 March 2026,
far too soon at 35.
But in those 35 years, he packed in a life that some of us would need three go-arounds to match.

He grew up in Cork, with Mary and Declan teaching us that kindness isn't extra—it's the baseline.
He studied computer science,
and then Galway got its hooks into him.
He built software there,
but more than that he built community—
the kind where your door's never fully closed and there's always one more chair.
He mentored on weekends at hackathons,
taught coding to teens at the community centre,
and somehow was still first into the sea for a sunrise swim.

Seán was curious, generous, and gloriously mischievous.
He was the first to cheer others on,
and the last to leave when something needed finishing.
If there was a new board game, he'd have the rules learned before you arrived.

If there was a half-mad coffee-roasting experiment, he'd have you taste-testing with a grin and a notebook.

If the hills of Connemara were calling,
he had the flask, the playlist, and the plan already sorted.

My favourite memory?

A frosty Salthill dawn.

We waded in, breath turned to smoke, both pretending it wasn't freezing.

Then tea from his dented flask,

hands around the heat,

and his 90s bangers blaring on the promenade like a private victory parade for two very cold eejits.

He looked at the sunrise like it was an old friend arriving on time.

He loved Aisling with a gentleness that steadied him.

He adored our parents, Mary and Declan,

he was brother to me and to Ciarán,

and he was the softest touch of an uncle to little Aoibhe—provider of bear hugs that fixed rotten days in under ten seconds.

We'll miss those hugs.

We'll miss the spontaneous road trips that started with "sure we'll just see where the road goes,"

and the ridiculous playlists that could go from trad to techno in a single breath.

Seán believed in kindness,

in inclusivity,

in creativity,

and—most of all—in showing up for people.

That was his faith.

That, and the sea.

He asked for bright colours today,

because he knew that love is louder than grey.

And if you're thinking of flowers,

please make a donation to the RNLI in his name

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That would make him smile wider than any bouquet.

So how do we carry him forward?

We show up.

We cheer the quiet efforts.

We invite the extra chair.

We swim at sunrise and make tea for someone shivering beside us.

We make space for the new kid at the table,

and we press play on the ridiculous playlist.

Seanie, my little brother,

my partner in schemes and songs,

thank you for the mischief, the courage, and the heart.

We'll mind each other now.

We'll keep the music loud,

the water cold,

and the welcome warm.

Slán, mo chroí.

We'll meet you at the shore.

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